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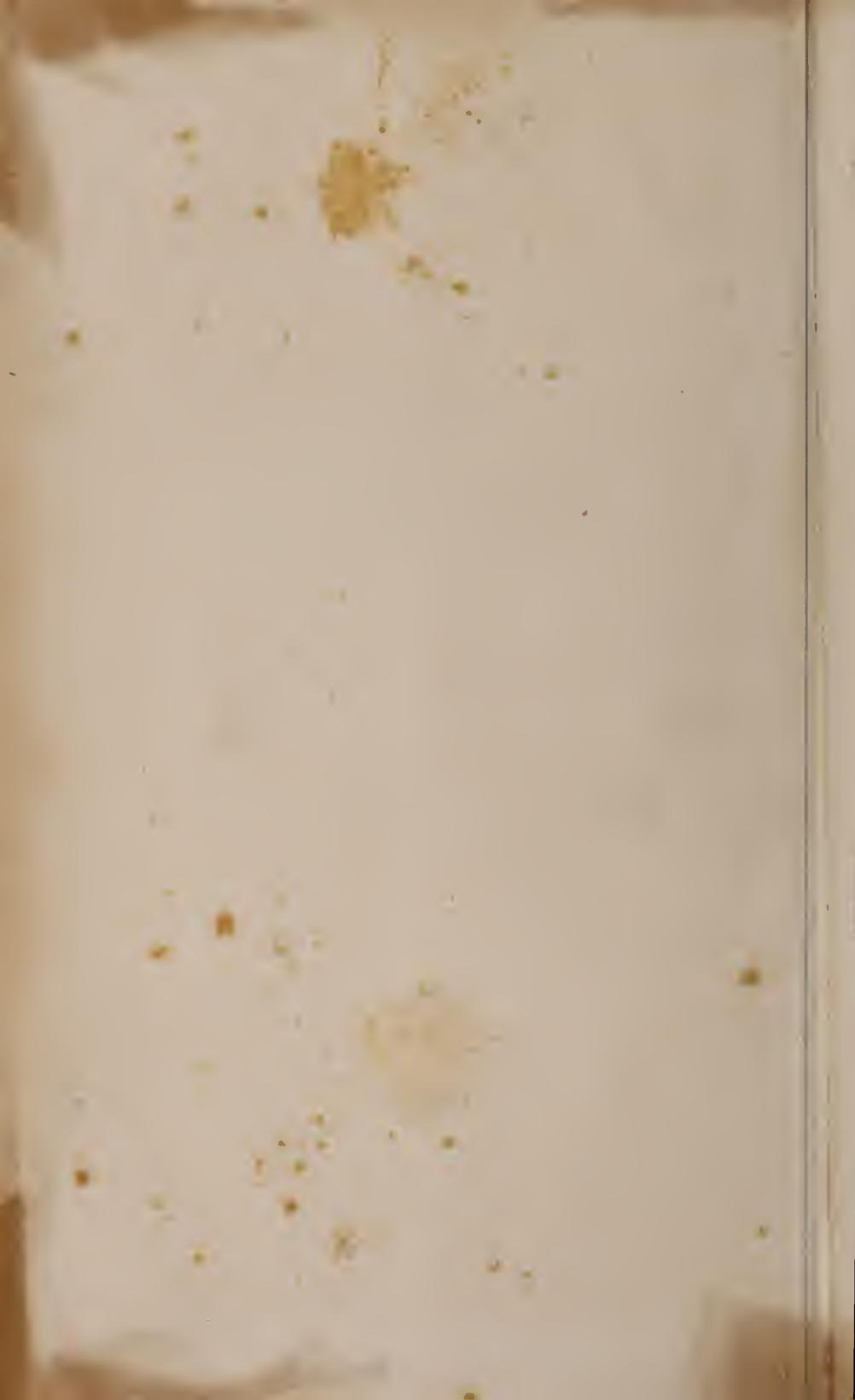
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BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

1851.

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"For Christ's Crown and Covenant."

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# Banner of the Covenant.

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JANUARY, 1851.

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[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

## THE BELIEVER AWAITING HIS CHANGE.

“All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.”

These were the words of one who was a great sufferer, and who seemed to expect no relief until death should terminate his sorrows, and admit him to the endless joys of heaven. They evince the fortitude and true heroism which the believer alone possesses. The most eminent of the heathen sages have justified suicide, as a refuge from the ills of human life; but Job, who suffered more than any other man who has inherited the curse of wo pronounced upon our guilty race, declares that he would wait with patience until the Sovereign Ruler, who had a right to control all his movements, should give him permission to depart.

If one who was enduring so much misery could use this language, how much more should *we* employ it. Our lives have been spared during another year: our mercies have been renewed every moment: our cup runneth over: God has daily been loading us with his benefits. As the opening year leads us to solemn thoughtfulness on our responsibility to Him who is the source of all our blessings, should we not resolve to spend all our lives, whether longer or shorter, whether more pleasant or more painful, in the service of that great and holy and most merciful Being, whose goodness to us has laid us under such a debt of gratitude?

The language employed in the passage seems to have reference to military life. The expression “*appointed time*,” properly means “*warfare*,” and leads us to think of the soldier on the tented field, or in the midst of the din of battle. The term “*wait*,” denotes not merely *submission*, but also *attention* and *exertion*, while the word “*change*,” expresses the joyful results of victory, when the helmet is laid aside for the laurel wreath—when the hand grasps the palm of triumph instead of the bloody sword—when honour, rest and full enjoyment, reward the valor of the brave.

*Human life, then, is a warfare: We should spend it in waiting upon God: If we thus do, its issue will be a most happy change.*

*Human life is a warfare.* As we naturally dislike, unless in a morbid state of mind, to contemplate that which is unpleasant, we are inclined to represent the future as altogether happy. But there is no reason to suppose it will differ from the past; like it, a mingled, varied scene of evil and of good. Observation, our own experience, the declarations of Scripture, all show that human life, in every condition, is a struggle, a battle, a warfare. If any attain to eminence worth possess-

ing, or retain it long, this is done by toil and hard exertion. Especially is this the case in a religious life: a "good fight" is to be fought, "a good warfare" to be warred, "much tribulation" is to be endured, "the kingdom of heaven is to be taken by violence." There is a constant "agonizing against sin." Our *physical infirmities* sometimes insnare us, or enfeeble us, and bring us into bondage. We need to "keep under our bodies," to "mortify the flesh with the corrupt affections and lusts." Sometimes the *administrations of Divine Providence*, either by prosperity or adversity, may excite the inward conflict, and pride or feebleness of mind, presumption or despair, may be the enemies with whom we must wage war. Often *spiritual conflicts* agitate our souls. Satan and his angels may buffet us. Wicked men may harass us. Even the righteous may wound and smite us. The law of our members warring against the law of our minds, may often lead us to exclaim, "O wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" All this, too, may be expected to last while life continues. Indeed the higher we ascend the mountain the more we feel the fury of the wind—the storm is most dangerous when the vessel has come near the coast; the Christian may have his hardest struggles just before he gains his crown. On looking forward to the future, we should moderate our expectations—we should anticipate more or less of evil—we must not suppose we will get along without sufferings, difficulties and trials. The soldier, when he sets out upon his campaign, cannot think that he will meet with no enemies, that he will endure no hardships, that he will encounter no dangers. The Christian warrior, also, must look for such things. This year, on which we have now entered, will present its scenes of conflict, it will not leave all things as it found them.

Our duty, however, is to *wait* patiently upon God. We should wait with *cheerful submission* to His holy will. God is sovereign; He has a right to do, and he will do, whatsoever pleaseth him. As soldiers fighting under the banner of the Captain of our salvation, we must implicitly obey our orders, and though, as when Napoleon's soldiers, upon the field of Wagram, stood inactive, while the terrible artillery cut down chasms wide and long in an army full of power, yet controlled by a perfect discipline, so we may be required to bear rather than to act,—we will find that the greatest strength often is to "stand still," and that by humble and unwavering and unmoved submission we best fulfil the will of God.

*Diligent attention* is also requisite. The Psalmist says, "As the eyes of servants unto the hand of their masters, so our eyes upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us." In all the ways by which God makes himself known to his people, should we thus wait upon Him. He has revealed his will in part in the physical laws by which he controls the material creation and operates upon our intellectual and moral organism. In his providential government of the world, he often indicates what is our duty. But it is particularly in the Scripture he shows us what he would have us to do. His law, as there made known, "is sure, and maketh wise the simple." All his ordinances are designed to direct us in the good and right way. The sanctuary, the social conference, the free, familiar, and tender influence of the family, the secret retirement, are each employed by the Holy Spirit to guide our feet into the paths of peace and the records of the past, and we hope the experience of many who read these words attest their

power and salutary efficacy. It should be our resolution with this new year to give to all of them more *diligent attention* while we are waiting till our change come.

But the soldier is not to be idle. *Active exertion* is a part of his duty, and should mark the character of one who is waiting upon God. If he be considered simply as an individual in earnest to obtain his own salvation, he has a great work to do: he must "keep his heart with all diligence," "he must give all diligence to make his calling and election sure." If he is connected with a family, like pious Abraham, he must use his influence that the "children and the household may keep the way of the Lord." As a member of a particular church, he must "seek the good" of Jerusalem. As a citizen, he must pray for the peace and welfare of the land in which he lives; as a human being, he must feel an interest in all that concerns mankind, and "do good unto all men as he has opportunity." Thus, he will be fulfilling his duty, he will find suitable and congenial employment, he will be happy and be useful, he will be following the examples of those who have been chosen of God, and honoured by man, the blessed of Heaven, the benefactors of their race.

The result of thus waiting upon God will be a *most happy change*. Sometimes a change may occur in this world; the dark clouds may pass away, and the bright sunshine make him glad. But, however this may be, the great result occurs when he leaves for ever the scene of conflict, and enters into the rest of God. This is, indeed, a *change*. The *soul*, set free from the bondage of corruption, breathes a purer air, and wings a higher flight. How joyous its sensations! How rapturous its perceptions! Here it saw through a glass, darkly, now it is face to face. The *body*, too, rests in hope, till, as redeemed dust, it is raised from the grave, fashioned like the glorious body of the Incarnate God. The *society*, the *employments*, the *enjoyments* of a sinful world are changed for the holy fellowship, the delightful exercises, the rivers of pleasure, to be found in the Paradise of God. If there have been here the evil things, there are there the good things. Great is the reward in heaven. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for those that love him.

And is *this* the *warfare*? "Victory or death" has been the hattle cry in many a desperate fight, where often the best and bravest have been left upon the field, while the less deserving have enjoyed the triumph. But here it is victory *in* death. All die, it is true, but all are conquerors. *Every thing is gained* when *all* appears to have been *lost*. There *can be* no disappointment. The greatest evil becomes the greatest good—the very worst, the very best.

Who, then, would not wish to *engage in this warfare*? How just the cause, how honourable the strife, how noble the object, how certain the triumph! "We run not uncertainly; we fight not as one who beateth the air."

Will any one desert his standard? It is in war a capital crime. The Christian has enlisted in the army of the Lord of Hosts; by a solemn oath he is pledged to fight the good fight of faith, he is bound to "wait until his change come."

And to all a *change will come*; to *all*, but not to *all the same*. *What* may it be, *when* may it come, are solemn thoughts. O reader,

ponder them in thine inmost soul. This year may be heavy with thy doom. Thy change, and a change how dreadful, may be rapidly and inevitably stalking towards thee, like some dreadful enemy. All thy joys ended, all thine opportunities exhausted, all thy hopes for ever gone, weeping and wailing, for ever and ever, may be thy portion. Yet, if thou wilt, it may be otherwise. Choose, then, and choose this day, this moment, the better part, choose *life* rather than *death*.

[From the New York Observer.]

NOVEL READING.

Last spring I was engaged in teaching a school of fifty scholars. Every morning, just before recess, I heard the class in English Grammar recite. With this class I had taken much pains, and with one of the members of the class in particular, as she had a strong dislike to study. By much patience on my part, and hard study on her part, (for she had great perseverance,) that dry study not only became interesting, but the science itself was pretty well mastered, and this she often assured me was to her a source of *real substantial* pleasure. One morning, as usual, the class came up to recite, and this young lady did not know her lesson. This appeared somewhat strange to me, as its like had not happened but once or twice before. I noticed also that she did not look very bright, and I asked if she were unwell. She replied, No. I found also that the rest of the young ladies in the class were similarly affected. I dismissed the class, requiring of them the same lesson for the next day. The next day came, and with it the Grammar class, but with no better result than the day before. This greatly surprised me. Another circumstance that added to my surprise was that the other recitations from these young ladies were equally miserable, and that they all wore such a sickly look, although they continually protested to me that they were well. Here was a mystery for me to solve. At length on the afternoon of the third day of this strange affair, just as I announced recess, Adeline, the young lady above alluded to, raised her head from the desk, all pale with excitement, holding in her hand one of those reddish-brown covered books just high enough for me to discover it. Putting on my hat, I passed down the aisle, and in a pleasant way asked permission to see the book. She at first hesitated; feeling, I suppose, somewhat guilty or ashamed, but handed me the book. I turned over the leaves, looking at the pictures, and then repeating the title of the book, asked if the story was not very interesting. Her face brightened up; she replied, "*very* interesting indeed;" putting an emphasis on the word *very*, which showed that she expressed the very language of her soul. I replied, I have no doubt that it is, and handing back the book, simply remarked, she ought not to read it in school, and then passed out of the school room. Gentle reader, it was one of your genuine novels.

While walking home that evening, I could not help exclaiming, what a pity it is that one of those literary rumjugs should fall into the hands of one of my best scholars; and what a pity it is, that she should be drinking off its intoxicating draughts with such rapturous delight. Under my direction, she had often dipped the cup of diligence into the fountain of wisdom, and drinking off its waters, had exclaimed, "*this is real, substantial* pleasure." I had succeeded in awakening within her a taste for reading, a thirst for knowledge, and now, in an evil hour, that thirst, that taste, was prostituted to the sordid pleasure of the novelist. I felt provoked to think that the harvest of my toils was thus basely to be snatched from me. I resolved upon the following expedient for a remedy.

The next morning the Grammar class appeared, but with no better result than the two preceding days on the part of the young ladies, and Adeline in particular. I closed the grammar. Calling the attention of the

class, I reminded them of the many pleasant, though sometimes toilsome, half-hours, we had spent over that book, and of what they had often assured me, to wit, the pleasure they had often experienced in *mastering* a dry study. I then asked them to *compare* the pleasure arising from that successful labour, with the pleasure arising from reading a novel. My remarks had the effect I hoped for. They *felt* that the pleasure arising from the one was healthy, substantial, and lasting, that of the other was feverish, transient, and unsatisfying. After some further explanation and illustration of this principle I dismissed the class. At noon Adeline came to me, still halting between the two paths of pleasure thus laid open before her; but after some farther conversation, she declared, "I will never read another novel, and if that novel were mine, I would throw it on the fire." I sincerely hope that she will keep that resolution. But knowing from experience, somewhat of the deceitfulness of the heart in reference to good resolutions, I have fears lest she may fail to keep it.

Reader, from this incident, and from a multitude of others not unlike it as to its essential features, I draw the following plain conclusion, to wit, that a novel-reader is a fool. By a novel-reader, I mean one who *habitually* reads novels for the sake of the excitement they afford; and by a fool, I mean one who does not use the *right* means to obtain some *desirable end*. No sensible man would say, that it is wrong or hurtful, for every person, without exception, ever to read any novel; and, on the other hand, no truly wise man would deny the above proposition, understanding the terms novel-reader and fool as just explained. And for these two reasons: 1. That novels are to the novel-reader precisely what alcohol is to the drunkard. In each case, the habit, when formed, is, in most persons, unconquerable; or, if conquered, is never entirely subdued. In each case too, we dare affirm that the effects are equally ruinous to the interests of the soul as well as the mind. True, in the opinion of society, the bad effects of the one are not so gross and shameful as the other; but, if looked upon in reference to the salvation of the soul, the condition of the one is no more hopeless than that of the other; for, in each case, an *unnatural* and *continued* excitement is the means employed to lessen life of its burden. And this leads us to give our second reason in support of the above assertion, that a novel-reader is a fool. Gentle reader, this is a harsh expression, but, if I can prove it true, it ought not to offend you. If so, your Bible must be to you a very offensive book, for I know of no book to compare with that in its use of harsh expressions in describing the character, condition, and duties of men. So much for the apology; now for the second reason: 2. The novel-reader is a fool, because he does not use the *right* means for rendering this life tolerable, to say nothing just now of the future life. And what makes his case still worse, he knows it. All men are impelled by a law of their nature to seek happiness, or rather, to seek relief from present uneasiness. Now the novel-reader, like all other persons, obeys this law; but he differs from many others in this, that he uses the very worst means for relieving present uneasiness; for the result invariably is, a greater uneasiness—an addition to the burden of life. We will not stop to prove this, for he knows it already. Just as the drunkard, after one of his Bacchanals, when the realities of life again crowd around him, seeking his sober and resolute attention, is disgusted with them, and again seeks relief in the unnatural excitement which rum can give; so, and precisely so, the novel reader acts; strange, fatal, infatuation. There is much philosophy and more truth in that expression of the poet, "The joys of conquest are the joys of man." Adeline knew what this joy was when she had mastered the English Grammar. She exclaimed, "this is real, *substantial* pleasure." Men and women in every department of society experience this joy when they have accomplished some desirable object which required resolution, self-denial, diligence and perseverance. They

have *felt* that the “joys of conquest” were real, substantial, lasting. This, through grace, is a great source of enjoyment to the saint upon earth. This, through grace, will be a great source of enjoyment to the saint in heaven. See Revelation, ii. 10, 17, 26; iii. 5, 12, 21. Now, every novel-reader has, or ought to have, duties and employments which will require resolution, self-denial, &c. to grapple with them. If he become wise, and shrink not from this inevitable condition of happiness allotted to our race, he will experience the truth that “the joys of *conquest* are the joys of man.” If he continue a fool, and refuse to take up this cross which lies in the path to every crown of conquest, he will be rewarded according to his folly, and reap disappointment and disgust, instead of the harvest of sober and rational enjoyment.

Reader, if you are one of the number who resort to the novel as the drunkard to his cup, be persuaded to reform. Wait not till an anti-novel-reading Society shall be got up to correspond to our Temperance Society, for before that time you may be irreclaimable. If you reply, I have tried to give up this folly, and cannot, I have this to offer for your encouragement. “If any of you *lack wisdom*, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and *it shall be given him.*”—DAVID.

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### Theological Discussions.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

#### PRAYER REQUIRED BY THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

Prayer is one of those divine ordinances in which the “power of godliness” is chiefly felt and fostered. The truth of this remark is evident, both from the precept of God’s word, and the example and experience of God’s people. Hence, the duty of prayer is frequently and forcibly enjoined in the Scriptures, while the example and experience of the saints of God, as they are recorded for our instruction, show that the exercise of fervent and believing prayer is inseparably connected with the existence of true piety in the soul. Without prayer, there may be the “*form of godliness,*” but there cannot be “*the power.*” And true godliness will always decline in proportion as the duty of prayer is neglected. Praying will cause a man to leave off sinning, or sinning will cause him to leave off praying. And, perhaps, much of the lukewarm and formal spirit, which is visible among professing Christians in this day, is to be traced to a neglect of personal religion. Those duties of religion which are and must be private, and therefore cannot be seen of men, are either totally or partially neglected, while the chief aim and effort seems to be to keep up the external form. There appears to be a strong tendency, in the present day, to substitute the form for the power, and to give God the service of the lips without the homage of the heart. But while this may satisfy man, who looketh on the outward appearance, it will not satisfy God, who looketh on the heart. If the heart be not right with God, the form of godliness is in vain. All, therefore, who are really concerned about their eternal salvation, will cultivate personal religion, and keep their hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life. They will be careful to perform private duties as well as public, and endeavour to have a conscience void of offence toward God, as well as man. They will not be Christians in the church, and heathens in the family and in the closet. They will not be pious on the Sabbath, and profane during the rest of the week. But they will be

Christians indeed, in whom there is no guile. Now, in order that the life and power of true godliness may grow and flourish in the soul, prayer is essentially necessary. It is the breathing of the new and spiritual man; and as necessary to our Christianity as the breathing of the air to natural life. Hereby, we bless our habitations, convert the closet into a sanctuary, and make our resting place in the wilderness the very gate of heaven; because in this duty we are present with our God, the hearer of prayer, and he is present with his people to bless them.

The Bible does not teach that we are to be always actively engaged in the exercise of prayer, for that would be inconsistent with the discharge of other incumbent duties, but it requires us to cultivate a praying frame, and a prayerful spirit, so that all our work and warfare on earth may be accompanied and sanctified with prayer, and we become importunate and persevering in prayer, in all places and on all proper occasions. As pious Matthew Henry observes, "A golden thread of heart prayer must run through the web of the whole Christian life." There should be a sprinkling of it in every duty, and our eyes should be ever toward the Lord. To discuss the whole subject of prayer is more than we feel competent to do. Our design, on the present occasion, is to dwell particularly on the obligation of prayer; in other words, to show that prayer is a solemn and incumbent duty, which cannot be neglected without incurring the displeasure of God. If we are not firmly persuaded in our own minds that prayer is a duty, it is not likely that it will be performed. If we mistake not, religious duties are frequently neglected, because we do not properly feel their binding obligation. Let us, then, proceed to consider the duty of prayer.

We remark, then, 1st. That prayer is a duty required by *the light of nature*. Laying aside the Scriptures for the present, we shall find that the *reason* with which God has endowed man, requires him to pray. And, first, we reason from the *relationship* in which man stands to God as his Creator and Preserver. Man is the creature of God. To him he owes his existence, and by him he is sustained in being. Doth not reason teach, then, that man, being the intelligent creature of God, endowed with a rational and immortal soul, should express his dependence upon his almighty and beneficent Creator, and testify his gratitude towards him in a becoming manner? Thus it is in earthly relations. Take, for example, the relation of parent and child. The child feels his dependence upon the parents, and is expected to express his gratitude towards them in a proper manner. And so it was with Adam in his state of innocency, he felt and acknowledged his dependence upon his Creator, and tendered him the pure homage of a grateful heart. And this is the radical idea of prayer. It is the badge of our dependence upon God, and the expression of our gratitude towards him for the benefits received from his bountiful hand. The human being, therefore, who does not pray, does not recognise the relationship in which he stands to his Creator; he does not acknowledge his dependence upon God, nor does he testify any gratitude towards him. And thus, although such persons may profess that they know God, yet in works they deny him, and incur the charge of being *practical atheists*. We are aware this is a very grave charge, and should not be made without good reason, but let the prayerless man

clear himself of it if he can. We are very sure he will convict himself, if he will only make a proper use of the reason which God hath given him. No man, who habitually neglects prayer, can regard himself in any other light than as a practical atheist, because he habitually denies the existence of God, his relationship to him, and his dependence upon him. He practically says, that he is independent of God, and, hence, the conclusion necessarily follows, from his own conduct, that he is a god; for any being, who can exist independently of God, must himself be a god. We do not say that any prayerless man believes this, or supposes that his conduct inevitably leads to such a conclusion; but such is the fact. What would be thought of the son or daughter, who would deny or disown their relationship to a kind and affectionate parent, and refuse to express their obligations and gratitude to such a parent? Would they not be viewed as monsters of iniquity? What, then, shall be said of those who act in this manner towards a beneficent and bountiful God? "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say."

That prayer is a duty required by the light of nature, is still further evident from the fact, that it is recognised by the heathen. Thus we find that the mariners with whom Jonah sailed, when he endeavoured to flee from the presence of the Lord, cried unto their gods in the mighty tempest which threatened to destroy them. Jonah i. 5: "Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god." Although they had no correct knowledge of the true God, yet they believed in a superior power, and in the time of danger they cried to him for help. And they expected Jonah to cry to his God also, for the ship-master came to him, where he was asleep, and said unto him, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Thus he, who, as the messenger of Jehovah, ought to have been reproving the Ninevites, received a just and severe rebuke from an idolatrous mariner. Again, we find that the idolatrous Athenians recognised the duty of prayer to a supreme being. Acts xvii. 23: "For," says Paul to them, "as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Let prayerless persons in Christian lands beware, that these heathens do not rise up to condemn them in the day of judgment. Thus we have endeavoured to show that prayer is a duty required even by the light of nature. So that, were the Scriptures silent upon the subject, we would still be bound by our relationship to God, to call upon him by prayer. But, it may be said, man is now a sinful and guilty creature, and as such is unfit to take God's holy name into his sinful and polluted lips. True, man in his fallen state, is unfit to hold communion with a God of infinite holiness, and dare not approach his august presence, had not God, in the riches of his goodness and forbearance, provided a way for his return. Such a way has been revealed in Christ, the only Mediator between God and men, and God has actually invited and commanded sinners to draw near to him in that way, assuring them that by so doing they shall find mercy. He sits upon a throne of grace, and holds out the golden sceptre of mercy, inviting sinners to touch and live.

[To be continued.]



## SPECIMEN OF WELCH PREACHING.

At a meeting of ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr. — invited several of his brethren to sup with him. Among them was the minister officiating at the Welch meeting house in that city—he was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject on which they were discoursing was the different kinds of public preaching.

When several had given their opinion, and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to style of composition, &c. Mr. — turned to the Welch stranger and solicited his opinion. He said he felt it a *privilege* to be *silent* when such men were discoursing, but that he felt it a *duty* to comply with their request.—“But,” said he, “if I must give my opinion, I should say that you have no good preachers in England. A Welchman would set fire to the world while you were lighting your match.” The whole company requested the good man to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in Wales. “Specimen,” said he, “I cannot give you; if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen *indeed*. I cannot do justice to the Welch language. Your poor meagre language would spoil it. It is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welchman can conceive.—I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it.”—The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do but something of a specimen. “Well,” said the Welchman, “if you must have a piece, I must try; but I don’t know what to give you—I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin—of his recovery by the death of Christ, and he said:—‘Brethren, if I were to represent to you in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ, I should represent it in this way:—Suppose a large grave-yard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted. Within these walls are thousands, and tens of thousands of human beings of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave—the grave yawns to swallow them;—and they must all die. There is no balm to relieve them—no physician there—they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner—all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth, it must die. Whilst man was in this deplorable state, *Mercy*, the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looking at the scene and wept over it, exclaiming, “Oh that I might enter—I would bind up their wounds—I would relieve their sorrows—I would save their souls!”—While *Mercy* stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the Court of Heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight—and Heaven forgave that pause—and seeing *Mercy* standing there, they cried, “*Mercy*, *Mercy*, can you not enter? Can you look upon that scene and not pity? Can you pity and not relieve?” *Mercy* replied, “I *can* see,”—and in her tears she added, “I can pity, but I cannot relieve.”—“Why can you not enter?”—“Oh!” said *Mercy*, “Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it.” At this moment Justice himself appeared, as it were to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him, “Why will you not let *Mercy* in?” Justice replied, “My law is broken, and it must be honoured. Die *they* or *Justice* must!” At this there appeared a form among the angelic band like unto the Son of God, who, addressing himself to Justice, said, “What are thy demands?” Justice replied, “My terms are stern and rigid—I must have sickness for their health—I must have ignominy for their honour—I must have death for their life. *Without shedding of blood there is no remission.*” “Justice,” said the Son of God, “I *accept thy terms*. On me be this wrong, and let *Mercy* enter.” “When,” said Justice, “will you perform this promise?” The Son of God replied, “Four thousand years

hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person." The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God—Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching *salvation* in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs, by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed."—"Where," said Justice, "is the Son of God? Mercy answered,—“Behold, at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross;”—and then she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed, saying, “This is the day when this bond is to be executed.” When he received it, did he tear it in pieces, and give it to the winds of Heaven? No. He nailed it to His cross, exclaiming, “It is finished.”—Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended—it swallowed his humanity—but when it touched his Deity, it expired! And there was darkness over the whole Heaven—but, glory to God in the highest—on earth peace and good will towards men.’”

“This,” said the Welchman, “is but a specimen of Christmas Evans.”

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### Romanism.

We are indebted for the following communication to a devoted young brother, who has been labouring with great zeal and diligence in connexion with the Irish Presbyterian Mission. Proceeding from one who has so excellent an opportunity to understand the subject, the article is worthy of particular attention. We would be glad to be favoured with additional contributions to our pages from the same source.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

#### ENGLISH PUSEYISM AND IRISH POPYRY.

Men's minds are strangely agitated in Britain. Enlightened Protestants are mourning, and, I doubt not, pious Protestants are praying; but sanguine Romanists are hopeful, and the Propaganda is triumphing. Diluted Romanism is taught to ignorant nominal Protestants, under the specious name of “Anglicanism;” and the way is prepared for the thorough reception of Italian popery. Hence, almost every day's newspaper gives the melancholy intelligence of this clergyman, or that layman, received into the bosom of the Church of Rome. Only a few days ago, we were told of the son of Wilberforce, (the author of the “Practical View,”) an archdeacon in the Church of England, having embraced Romanism. One cannot help wondering how it is that error so flagrant has been for a moment entertained by professed Protestants. How did it get a hearing from those whose church speaks boldly of the “damnable and soul-destroying” errors of Rome? How did men *begin* the course of thinking that terminated in unanimity with the doctors of Rome?

We would hazard an answer to these inquiries. Error preys on ignorance. Mohammedanism was less steadfastly resisted by Christianity, because Christianity itself was enervated; just as the church of preceding centuries lost, in the embrace of half Christian civil governments, the vigour that should have battled against Arianism. Men who knew not the *truths* of a Christian's faith, easily embraced the

crudities of Mahomet, or the blasphemies of Arius. So Puseyism found ignorance in the English church—ignorance of the leading truths of genuine Protestantism—ignorance of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, and, worse than all, ignorance of Christ. Puseyism found ministers speaking of a Mediator to whom they had never come for salvation; and people, who knew of Immanuel only by the hearing of the ear. It is not hard to seduce men from an “unknown Christ.” People and clergy had gone through the forms of religion so long without being sensible of its influence, that the conviction could not but grow in their minds that something was wanting to give life and motion. Young men of the higher ranks learned science, politics and history, but not the Bible. Their religious training was limited to the catechism, that must be learned before the bishop lays on his hands in confirmation. Their religion lay in the beautiful morocco binding of the prayer-book, and only there; and it was in exercise on “the Sunday,” and only then. Then, the ministry of the church learned ethics, philosophy, mathematics, but not scriptural theology. “Sophisters” and “wranglers” were at home in Aristotle and Archimedes; but had only a slight acquaintance with Isaiah or Paul. And when, just before ordination, they did dip in theology, it was in the muddy pools of the vitiated divinity of Jerome, Chrysostom, Cyprian, and Ambrose. Good voice, good manners, and good connexions, were the “*gifts, graces, and fruits,*” whereby “promising young men” mounted the ladder of ecclesiastical elevation. Among such, “the cure of souls” meant five hundred a-year, perhaps bought at an auction; and ministerial success—a Bishopric in the distance.

We do not say that this was the case with all in the church, for it had many holy men; but it is faithfully descriptive of the majority. Now, the human soul really needs more ostensible religion than this. Even worldly, godless men would require more than this, in a ministry paid by the country to teach godliness. There is a craving in the human mind that will not be satisfied with “the things that mount the rostrum with a skip,” and

“Reading, what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene.”

There is a craving for *earnestness*. The age wants earnestness. Men of business are earnest. Men of learning are earnest; and all demand earnest churchmen. Now, Puseyism, Tractarianism, or if you will, Anglicanism, is earnest—wakefully, and watchfully, and painfully earnest. It wears all the appearance of *life*. The Bishop of Exeter looks like earnestness, and so do his lordship’s “Protestant nuns.” There is, at least, life, and motion, and design, among them; and the minds that were weary of forms without solemnity, and without much assumed meaning, gladly pass over to form with solemnity, and pretending, at least, to cover great realities.

Another *adaptation* Puseyism eminently possesses. Man likes a religion of which he can take cognizance by his senses. Very pleasant it is, for the traveller, to mark his own progress by the chiselled monitors that tell how many miles are behind him. It is much more agreeable to the natural man to walk “by *sight*” than “by *faith*.” Hence, image-worship. Man gets before him the distinct, tangible object of his adoration. Hence, idolatry, and popery, so far as it is

idolatry—and Puseyism, so far as it is popery—commend themselves to the natural heart. And here Puseyism finds its strength. Regeneration you see performed on the child when it is thrice anointed, and marked with the cross. This flatters the parent. The Spirit, of which the wind, blowing where it lists, beyond our control and above our knowledge, is an appropriate emblem, is made to act by and with a man, and to depend on his will. This exalts and flatters the priest. It is half amusing and half horrible to find a Puseyite, in a volume called the “Christian Year,” a book of poetry pregnant with mischief, say of “holy baptism,”

“A few calm words of faith and prayer,  
A few bright drops of dew,  
Shall work a wonder there  
Earth’s charmers never knew.”

This “wonder” is, giving the child a title to eternal life by the “*opus operatum* of the priest.” Steadfastness in the faith is given in confirmation, and repeated partaking of the Lord’s Supper is growth in grace. Religion is made a tangible, sensible thing, and man, not called upon to walk “by faith” but “by sight,” is satisfied. It seems vastly better than the meaningless thing he quitted. Truth is in it so mixed with error, as to commend the error. Abuses, the system has reformed, enough to cover the introduction of worse abuses, and hence it is so palatable. When man asks, “What good thing shall *I do*?” it at once meets his inquiry in a congenial spirit, and gives him something *to do*. No wonder it spreads, then, so rapidly and so fearfully.

Very opposite statements have been made as to its extent. Among the clergy it is more easily traceable than among the people. An evangelical clergyman, a few weeks ago, in a letter to a Scottish newspaper, attempts to show that the movement is not really so extensive as the editor had supposed, and says, not more than two thousand clergymen approve of Tractarianism. Not more than two thousand clergymen of a church, putting forward such claims to Protestantism, equetting with the mother of harlots! Two thousand clergymen indoctrinating so many congregations in the errors of Rome, smiled on by all papal powers, and not frowned on, as they should be, by the powers that be, with the “Times” newspaper under their control, the whole Scottish episcopacy by their side, several bishops in the movement, one university theirs, and the other not an enemy! Oh! surely praying men in that church, and praying people out of it, should be before the throne, that the Head of the Church would assert His own claims, and vindicate His own truth.

Valuable lessons and impressive warnings the progress of this Tractarian movement reads to us. What is boasted prelatie government in this case? Tractarians laugh at lawn sleeves, when opposed to them, and bid them rustle in triumph when on their side. They laud Exeter, and lash Canterbury.

And how common for God to punish men in the way of their sins. David’s spoiled child imbitters his old age. England’s power and England’s prelacy made mighty and wicked efforts to force the “Book of Common Prayer” on men of a purer worship and stancher faith; and this same prayer book is now made the lever to upturn her own church foundations. What a fearful thing to yield to error in one

point, or to retain one error, knowing it to be such! What a dangerous policy to yield one shred of truth, whether it be the supremacy of the divine word, as the court of appeal, or the Headship of the Lord Jesus! Oh! let other Protestants be warned! Let them hug the Bible—the pure Bible—to their bosoms, esteeming “all its precepts, concerning all things to be right,” and hating “every false way;” let them hold up Immanuel as “Head over all things to the church;” let them keep themselves pure from the world; let them stand by, and with Christ, and, in the spirit of prayer, and faith, and love, resist error, by whomsoever introduced, and by whomsoever patronized.

But from English Puseyism turn we to Irish Romanism. “Got any Tractarianism in Ireland?” said the Englishman, to his friend from the sister isle. “No, sure,” was the reply, “*we’ve the real thing there!*” And, truly, so we have. Here Romanism, robed, indeed, in rags, and squalid and filthy, but not the less Romanism. Popery, in Spain, is a thing of architecture, statuary, and horrible romance. In Italy, it is upheld by the stability of ages, by policy, and by pontifical influence. But, in Ireland, it is resting on political prejudices, priestly rule, and popular ignorance. “There he is, the blessed man!” said a woman, after selling a piece of whip-cord to the priest, “how he does lash them from the Sunday *dancing*.” Only the other day, a so-called “national synod” makes a bold effort to perpetuate this state of things, and condemns the means of increasing knowledge. And why not? We cannot have the middle ages of popery, and knowledge together. We cannot keep light and live in darkness; and if darkness be necessary to our existence, by all means away with light. Why not? If ignorance be the mother of devotion, then let us *cultivate ignorance*. Accordingly, an assembly of owls is convened, and a lengthened debate is held in the dark, (for the synod met with closed doors,) and one noisy scream at last announces the sage determination, “no light! no light!” Strangely enough, however, and just to give another proof that Irishmen cannot agree, some thirteen bishops think a little light might be safely admitted, and have humbly and submissively made known the idea to his holiness. And, more strangely still, professors and students, over whom their church exercises such vigilant watchfulness, retain their connexion with the condemned colleges. What may result from these movements, we cannot tell. This we do know, that popery has long cramped the energies of Irishmen, and tied down their intellect as with bands of iron. *Light* from God himself is to be the means of its final fall. Its own intuitive dread of *light* indicates what the Bible asserts expressly. We shall best resist Romanism by diffusing the light, and best oppose her dominion by making it general. Then let Protestant communities take special pains with the young. Let a godly, praying ministry train a scripture-searching people, whose minds will be saturated with truth—the truth that lowers man that it may elevate him, and that exalts God—the truth that emanates from Him who calls himself THE TRUTH, and then the upas tree of popery will find no congenial soil in which to germinate and flourish.

J. H.

## The Family Circle.

I AM NEVER ALONE.

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thought was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation;—one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days?

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather," said she, "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?" The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. "I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at His feet, and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters; and then when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you too can say, I am never alone."

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the heart of every child who reads these lines. Seek while in youth the source of that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial, and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, "I, too, am never alone."—*Christian Citizen.*

### A SAD MISTAKE.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic despatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie—which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell—hit him with a light switch over his temple and killed him instantly—a mere accident, of course, but a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother—when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me. My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed—though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it"—still I *do* say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found on my return, that my long porcupine-quill handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face, and said—

"No, I *didn't* take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered a reward for confession—the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him) of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had swelled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a portfolio,

where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you—and perhaps it is—yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B—, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few days before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness, until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested, to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade him going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and "boys will be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "*boy-man!*" But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labour, and vexed at some little disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance.—While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning, as the penalty of his offence, and, in a harsh voice, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you——"

"Not a word, sir; *go to bed!*"

"I only wanted to say, father, that—"

With a peremptory stamp, and an imperative wave of his hand towards the door, and a frown upon his brow, did the father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while his supper was being prepared; and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the

lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit, in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He woke the next morning, with a raging fever on his brain, and with wild delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching, for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days after, the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his little son, a playmate of the little boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down on the Long Wharf, Henry and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say any thing about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again.—Henry was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying—

"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf."

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and *this* was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavoured to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

"Every thing that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil-sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.')

And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I *cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh, how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear!—How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the head the punishment due only to wilful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving, yet grieved or outraged nature."

I will add no word to reflections so true; no correlative incident to an experience so touching.



## Miscellaneous.

We request the particular attention of our readers to the following appeal in behalf of the coloured population in Canada. Any donations remitted to us will be promptly forwarded.

### RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE COLOURED POPULATION IN CANADA.

The number of coloured persons in Canada was estimated, three years ago, at twenty thousand; and large additions have, of late, been made to this amount, principally by the operation of the Fugitive Law, lately enacted by the Government of the United States. Various causes have contributed to keep these persons in a state of great ignorance and religious depression. They had no fixed home; they felt themselves to be strangers, for whom no man cared; and the prejudices that operated against them, even in the British Provinces, were strong. By different religious bodies, chiefly the Methodists and Baptists, some efforts have been made in their behalf, but these have been desultory, and on no systematic plan. Three years ago, the attention of the Free Presbyterian Church of Canada was called to the subject, and with the assistance of the Free Church of Scotland, a missionary to the coloured population has for that period been maintained in the Province. It appeared desirable that some fixed location should be found where a goodly number of the coloured families might be settled, where they might feel that they had a home, and where they would be taught the principles of Christianity, and the arts of life. An association of benevolent persons having been formed for the purchase of a fit locality, seventeen thousand dollars have been subscribed, and nine thousand acres of fine land, on a healthy situation, and near a market, have been obtained, and a charter from the Legislature granted. On this land upwards of thirty families, of approved character, have already been settled, and others are dropping in monthly. The trial of one year has placed beyond question the entire practicability of the plan. Over these families and embracing also others, chiefly whites, previously settled, a regular pastoral oversight has been exercised, the public worship of the sanctuary has been kept up, and a teacher for the children has been in full employ, the attendance at school at present being thirty-three. Prejudices originally strong on the part of the white residents, have been done away, and now, both at church and in school, individuals of both colours freely intermingle. Temperance principles are rigidly acted on, and a healthy moral influence is spread over the settlement.

The erection of buildings for church, school, and dwellings for pastors and teachers, with the payment of salaries, has occasioned a considerable expenditure. The Synod of Canada have cheerfully borne this, and are prepared to bear much more; but they have felt that the friends of humanity and of the slave, in the United States, might be reasonably appealed to, to grant them some tokens of sympathy. We have been deputed to lay the case before them, and in various ways, from the pulpit and the platform, we have endeavoured to do so.

Dear Brethren, we ask not one farthing in behalf of the secular branch of the plan, we plead merely for the moral and religious part of it. Will you give the Word of God, and the capacity to read it, to the coloured man and his children? A most favourable opportunity of doing so is now within your reach. Our institution promises to be the first of a series of similar establishments, fitted to raise the coloured man to his due place in society. Yea, we believe that the settlement at Raleigh, Canada West, may, by the blessing of God, be the fountain from which healing waters may go forth to the children of Africa. Teachers and missionaries may be sent from it to that land to preach to their benighted countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

ROBERT BURNS, D. D., } *Deputation on behalf of the co-*  
WILLIAM KING. } *loured people of Canada West.*

Pittsburgh, Nov. 14, 1850:

## FREE MASONRY.

The following remarks on the subject, are taken from a report presented some time since to the Synod of Pittsburgh, and published in the Presbyterian Advocate. They present some of the main objections to Freemasonry, and are equally applicable to most secret societies.

Your committee do not design to trace the origin, nor to enter into a discussion of the merits of masonry. We do not mean to urge the objection against the very nature of this institution, from the fact of keeping secret from the world that which is held to be so important to the objects of charity and benevolence; and also from the requisition of an oath of secrecy without knowing its nature or object; nor to dwell on the suspicious character of a society which seeks concealment and darkness for its proceedings. Your committee confine their attention chiefly to the effects of these societies on religion and morals. In this view we think it an incumbent duty, solemnly and affectionately to warn our members, and especially our youth.

We ask, what good moral effects have these societies ever produced? What reformations have they ever effected? What youth have they ever reclaimed? What Christian has ever improved in piety by entering masonic lodges and holding fellowship and communion with its members? Is such a fellowship at all consistent with communion with the people of God: and with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ? And what Christian, eminent for piety, has not abandoned his intercourse with them? How many mournful instances of degradation and ruin to the bodies and souls of men may be traced to a connexion and intercourse with such characters as too generally compose the lodges in our country? At how vast a risk does any one, and especially an unguarded youth, enter an association, "embracing with equal affection the Pagan, the Turk, and the Christian?" How humiliating and disgusting must it be, to persons of intelligence and taste, to mingle in the close intimacy of brotherhood, with those whose society they should spurn on all ordinary occasions?

We think it not unimportant to notice how inconsistent with the holy charity and extensive benevolence of the gospel is that peculiar attachment and preference of the brethren, which is the boast of the order. A preference not founded on intrinsic worth, but merely on the badges of masonry; not to mention the baleful influence which masonic partialities may be expected to produce in the distribution of justice, in elections or appointments to office, and in the various transactions of society.

How vain, also, if not presumptuous, the pretence of instituting a society, the benevolence of which shall exceed the charity enforced by the Son of God! The gospel of Christ explains and enforces, with the highest possible motives, the principles of charity. The gospel and its rites and institutions, are means appointed of God for the reformation of the world. It needs not the lights nor the aids of masonry, by which it is unknown to us that one instance of genuine reformation was ever effected.

We also consider masonry, in excluding from its rites, its confidence and privileges all females, as insulting to the dignity, and hostile to the comfort of the most amiable of our species.—Woman was destined by our benevolent Creator to be the affectionate friend, the counsellor and most intimate confidant of man. It is believed then, that a man of a generous and affectionate heart will hesitate before entering an institution, which would forbid him to entrust to the wife of his bosom, secret communications imparted to the most worthless of his own sex; and which would alienate from her and her children their common property, without the privilege of being permitted to know for what purpose or to what object.

We think it also not unworthy the consideration of American youth, who justly revere the free political institutions of their country, what a dangerous

medium secret societies have furnished to designing men for accomplishing purposes ruinous to the interests of their governments, and how dangerous they may yet prove to our own.

Under the influence of the above and other reflections, your committee would not hesitate to say to all the members of our church, and especially to our youth, "Come out from among them and be separate; have no communication with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

#### HINTS TO MECHANICS AND WORKMEN.

If you would avoid the diseases your particular trades and work are liable to produce, attend to the following hints:

Keep, if possible, regular hours. Never suppose you have done extra work, when you sit up late, and do not rise till eight or nine in the morning.

Abstain from ardent spirits, cordials, and malt liquors. Let your drink be that of Franklin when he was a printer—pure water.

Never use tobacco in any form. By chewing, smoking, or snuffing, you spend money which would help to clothe you, or would enable you, if single, to make a useful present to an aged mother, or a dependent sister; if you are married, to buy your wife a frock, or get books for your children. You also, by any of these filthy practices, injure your health, bring on headache, gnawing at the stomach, low spirits, trembling of the limbs, and at times, sleeplessness.

Be particular in preserving your skin clean, by regular washing of your hands, face and mouth, before each meal, and your whole body at least once a week, and by combing and brushing your hair daily.

Always have fresh air in the room in which you work, but not so as to create a draft.

Take a short time in the morning, if possible, and always in the evening, toward sundown, for exercising your chest and limbs by a walk where the air is purest.

If confined in-doors, let your food consist in a large proportion of bread and milk, and well-boiled vegetables. Meat and fish ought to be used sparingly, and only at dinner. You are better without coffee, tea, or chocolate. If you use any of them, it ought not to be more than once a day.—*Journal of Health.*

#### THROAT DISEASE AND MINISTERS.

In an interesting work on the Throat and Lungs, Dr. Hall, of Cincinnati, says:—

"I have found it of very little utility to attempt to enforce rules for the prevention of disease of any kind, especially in reference to the lungs and throat; but, as far as clergymen are concerned, I here propose one or two items of observance.

"Never accustom yourself to drink a drop of water, or chew or swallow a particle of more solid substance while making an address, nor immediately before, nor after.

"Accustom yourself to speak in a *conversational tone*, with the same earnestness of tone and gesture as you employ when conversing upon an interesting subject with an attentive listener. This is the true style of real eloquence; and carries your hearers along with a quiet power, far more irresistible than a louder delivery or more frantic gesticulation. It is the still, and quiet, and subdued tone that carries with it the deepest and most lasting impression. Speaking thus, no rules are needed for the modulations of the voice, or regulation of the respiration. The most natural way of speaking is to speak without rule; only feel deeply the

truth of what you say, and be in earnest in urging those truths, then you will never speak *loud* or *long*. No one can ever bring on throat disease, if he be guided by these principles. Speaking is a natural function; and the voice organs can no more be injured by speaking in a natural way, than the lungs can be injured by breathing: and can it ever be necessary to speak in an unnatural way? Let clergymen ponder this question well, and let them *speak* their feelings, and not *read* them.

“Another observance should be—after the services are over, remain until all the congregation are gone, and still longer, if cold enough for fire; and, on leaving the door, keep the mouth steadily shut, not uttering a single word until you get into a room where there is fire; by thus sending the air to the lungs in a circuitous way, by the nostrils, it is somewhat warmed before it reaches the throat and the lungs, and two sudden shocks are prevented, first in going out into the cold air from the church, and next coming into a warm room. If the weather is very cold, a handkerchief should be held over the nose, so that the air expired may mingle, to a certain extent, with the air about to be inspired, and warm it a little.

“After speaking in a room where there is a fire, or in one a little warmer than out doors, never ride home, always walk, and walk very briskly until the blood begins to circulate freely; if you live too far off to walk, remain an hour or so with a neighbour before you start; the object is to prevent a feeling of chilliness running over you even for an instant.

“In the course of my life, I have had occasion to speak two or three times a day for weeks together in close, crowded, heated rooms, in the depth of winter, and sometimes to go a mile or two to a resting place, and never once during these occasions, caught a cold, or had hoarseness or sore throat. I speak from experience, and not theory. Believe truly, feel deeply, and speak sincerely; and there never will be any need of a long speech, a loud speech, or one that *shall strain the voice*, or produce Throat Disease.”

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CHRISTIANITY NOT OF HUMAN ORIGIN.—There are in the English language few sentences which contain more thought than the following:—

“To me, when I look at this religion, taking its point of departure from the earliest period in the history of the race; when I see it analogons to nature; when I see it comprising all that natural religion teaches, and introducing a new system in entire harmony with it, but which could not have been deduced from it; when I see it commending itself to the conscience of man, containing a perfect code of morals, meeting all his moral wants, and embosoming the only true principles of economical and political science; when I see in it the best possible system of excitement and restraint for all the faculties; when I see how simple it is in its principle, and yet in how many thousand ways it mingles in with human affairs, and modifies them for good, so that it is adapted to become universal; when I see it giving an account of the termination of all things, worthy of God and consistent with reason: to me, when I look at all these things, it no more seems possible that the system of Christianity should have been originated or sustained by man, than it does that the ocean should have been made by him.”—PRES. HOPKINS.

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ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. A. M'LEOD.

“Where did you study Theology?” said a clergyman, of the General Assembly, to the late Dr. M'Leod. “In the societies, sir,” (the fellowship meetings,) was the Dr.'s answer.

## THE SEMINARY.

The following resolution was passed by General Synod at its last meeting, and attention is called to it that Presbyteries may be ready in season to meet the sums apportioned to them for professors' salaries. Their attention is also respectfully called to the balances due by them to the Treasurer, as indicated on page 43 of printed Minutes. From this it appears that

Philadelphia Presbytery owes	-	-	\$71 06
Pittsburgh do	-	-	72 23
Ohio do	-	-	10 00
Western do	-	-	57 00

RESOLUTION—"Resolved, That the Senior Professor in the East receive the appointed salary of three hundred dollars per annum, to be raised by the Northern and Philadelphia Presbyteries in equal proportions; and that the Senior Professor in the West receive the same amount, to be raised by the Pittsburgh, Ohio, and Western Presbyteries in equal proportions."

The Northern Presbytery made the following apportionment—

Dr. M'Leod's Congregation, New York,	\$50 00
Rev. A. G. Wylie's " Duaneburgh,	20 00
Rev. H. Gordon's " Lisbon,	10 00
Rev. R. A. Hill's " Ryegate,	10 00
Rev. D. J. Patterson's Brooklyn,	5 00
Rev. J. B. Finlay's " Williamsburgh,	5 00
Rev. A. Clarke's " Amherst,	5 00
Rev. W. S. Darragh's Goose River,	5 00
Rev. A. R. Gayley's " Chimoguee,	5 00
Mr. William Cunningham's Subscription,	5 00
Samuel Simpson Fund, (by Dr. M'Leod,)	30 00

\$150 00

### Ecclesiastical Proceedings.

#### NORTHERN PRESBYTERY.—ORDINATION.

At the late meeting of the Northern Presbytery a call was presented to Mr. William Stavely Darragh, from the congregation of Goose river, Nova Scotia; and another from the congregation of Chimoguee, New Brunswick, on Mr. Andrew R. Gayley. Mr. Darragh, being present, accepted the call made on him, and on Tuesday, 12th November, was ordained to the ministry in Dr. M'Leod's Church, New York. Rev. Dr. M'Leod presided, offered up the ordaining prayer, and proposed the questions. Rev. Alexander Clarke preached the sermon, Rev. A. G. Wylie charged the minister, and Rev. R. A. Hill made the concluding prayer. Rev. D. J. Patterson, Rev. H. Gordon and Rev. J. B. Finlay were also present, and took part in the services. Rev. Messrs. Clarke and Darragh, with ruling elders, were commissioned by Presbytery to present the call to Mr. Gayley, and, should he accept, proceed to his ordination and installation. Provision is thus made for the organization of a Presbytery in due season, and the consequent establishment of this very interesting department of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in connexion with the General Synod. The Rev. Alexander Clarke, the pioneer of Presbyterianism in these regions, and who is still in the vigour of life and usefulness, sees his field reduced to a regular church state, and occupied by diligent and faithful coadjutors. May the sower and the reapers rejoice together!

#### INSTALLATION OF REV. HENRY GORDON.

The Rev. Henry Gordon having received and accepted a call from the Church of Cameron, in Lisbon, New York, was installed by a committee of the Northern Presbytery, on the 19th of September. The

Rev. D. J. Patterson preached\* the installation sermon, from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20,\* and delivered the charge to the congregation. The Rev. Robert A. Hill offered the installation prayer, and delivered the charge to the pastor.

The condition of this congregation, for many years past, has been peculiarly painful. None felt more seriously than they, the shock produced by the unhappy pro re nata division of our Church. And after that event they suffered a variety of reverses for many years, until the cause of Reformed Presbyterianism in Lisbon appeared, to the feeble and desponding remnant of the congregation, to be on the verge of ruin. But "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." The people of this long wasted flock are now being made glad according to the days wherein they have been afflicted.

Mr. Gordon had laboured among them for some time before he had accepted a call from the members of the Church of Cameron to become their pastor. During this time, his labours have been blessed with abundant success. One year ago, when he first visited the place, the entire Church consisted of *seven* members. At the time of the installation the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to upwards of eighty individuals. In less than a year nearly eighty persons giving good reason to hope that they are "of such as shall be saved," have been added to the Church in Lisbon. The familiar acquaintance with the system of redemption manifested by these newly added members, speaks much for the assiduity and faithfulness of their teacher. Mr. Gordon has several Bible classes, comprising altogether upwards of a hundred individuals of all ages, from the lisping child to the veteran of three score and ten. We attended some of those classes in company with the newly installed pastor, and we have but seldom been better entertained by Sabbath school or Bible class exhibitions than we were in listening to the correct answering and clear illustrations given by these catechumens of but a few months' training. The prospects of the congregation are flattering, and we have no doubt but that the faithfulness, integrity, self-denying exertions and independent bearing of their pastor will, with the blessing of God, give him an extensive influence for good in his present sphere, and contribute largely to the good of the cause in which he labours.

H.

### Foreign Missions.

LETTER TO THE BIBLE CLASS AT AMHERST POINT, N. S.

In previous numbers of the Banner, we have given an account of the Missionary Society organized in connexion with this interesting Bible Class, under the care of Rev. A. Clarke. In the Sept. No. of our last volume, we published a letter addressed to them by Mr. Campbell, in which he stated his hope of soon procuring some child as the object of their benevolent exertions. The following letter shows that this hope has been realized, and, we trust, that the expectations of future good may not be disappointed. The example of the young people of Amherst should be imitated throughout our church. The children of the church, if they were properly enlisted in the work, might and would sustain the whole educational department of the mission.

\* We understand that the congregation have requested a copy of Mr. Patterson's sermon, for publication. It is to be hoped that he will grant this request, and thus make a valuable contribution to the list of ordination sermons already published by ministers of our church.

Mission House, Saharanpur, 24th June, 1850.

*To the members of the Rev. Mr. Clarke's Bible Class, Amherst Point, Nova Scotia.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is now more than three months since I had the pleasure of addressing a few lines to you, and of opening up a correspondence, which, I trust, may be profitable on both sides. The former letter was written in consequence of an interesting account given by the Rev. Mr. Wylie, of Philadelphia, of the association you had formed for the support of a heathen youth in our Orphan Boarding-school. I am now happy to inform you that, about a month and a half ago, we selected and set apart a very interesting boy, about nine years old, who now bears the name of your very respected pastor Alexander Clarke, and is henceforth to be known as your beneficiary. He is a Hindú boy, but his parentage is not known. After the massacre of the English troops that took place at Cabúl some years ago, he was picked up as the child of some of the camp-followers that had fallen in the general slaughter. A little more than three years ago, he was sent to our Orphan Institution. His mother tongue is the Persian, but he has been taught by us to read and write the Hindústani. He has also committed several portions of Scripture, and a part of the Shorter Catechism to memory, in the same language. As ours is a manual labour institution, he has heretofore spent a part of each day in learning the carpenter trade. As he appears to have a good capacity for learning, he has lately been placed in the English school, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Woodside, and henceforth he will not be required to work in the shop, as it will, doubtless, be more in accordance with your wishes to qualify him to become useful as an instructor of his benighted countrymen. The interest that you will take in his welfare has been fully explained to him. As soon as he is able to write you a letter, we will encourage him to do so, and in every possible way, we will try to promote the grand object you have in view. You will remember, however, that *Dēma* was born a heathen, and that, in the early years of his life, he was under the baneful influence of heathen society, and that all *our* efforts, to lead him to love and serve the Saviour, may be vain, and will certainly be in vain, unless the grace of God change his heart; but you will likewise remember, that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and that He will not disappoint the prayer of faith. I rejoice to think that you are to hold stated meetings to pray for this your beneficiary, and for the cause of missions generally. May the Lord meet with you, and, as you thus attempt to water others, grant you an abundant supply of His Holy Spirit to water your own souls. We shall expect you to write to us frequently, and we shall try to find time to answer, and to give you information about this youth, and the general progress of our missionary work. My dear young friends, “the lines have, indeed, fallen to you in pleasant places,” and you have a goodly heritage. You can never be sufficiently grateful to God, for giving you so many temporal and spiritual blessings. To be able to appreciate them fully, you must see the heathen in their blindness, and in all the filthy and degrading services of their idols. But while you ought to try to realize the value of your privileges, you ought, at the same time, to let this thought press deeply on your minds, “It will be more tolerable

for Sodom and Gomorrah—or, in other words, the vilest of the heathen—than it will be for us, if we do not improve our advantages, and all the blessings of the gospel we so abundantly enjoy.” Let these impressive passages, also, be constantly in your memory: “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” “What would it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” “Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” And then think of the free, the full, the gracious, the glorious salvation that has been provided by Christ. For whom? His friends? Nay, for his enemies—for helpless, ruined man—for rebels against the divine government. This salvation, too, is powerfully recommended to us, and pressed upon our acceptance. God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, and without strength, “Christ died for us.” “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!” Oh! the length and breadth, the height and the depth, of the love of Christ! It passeth all knowledge. You must all love this Saviour, who has thus loved you, and given himself for you; and, having an interest in His covenant love, “all things will be yours.” You will be happy in life, and you will have nothing to fear in death; but every thing to expect through eternity.—We are all well here, and happy in the prosecution of our missionary work. My best Christian regards to your beloved pastor, and to all of you, who love Christ, and are helping to promote his kingdom.

Yours affectionately.

J. R. CAMPBELL.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, DATED

Mission House, Sâharanpûr, 31st August, 1850.

MY DEAR BROTHER STUART,—We have had several visits by our friends in the village to which I referred in my last, and they seem to be in a very interesting state—exceedingly free from prejudice, and gradually becoming more and more in favour of the Christian religion. We hope, in a few months, when the cold weather sets in, to give them a Christian schoolmaster, and to make the village a preaching station. We have all enjoyed a good share of health and strength for this trying season of the year, until within a few days, when Mr. Woodside was seized with a sharp attack of fever. I am happy to say, that with the blessing of God on the active means pursued, he is now convalescent, and will soon be in usual health. Mrs. Campbell is a good deal indisposed to-day, but I hope it is nothing serious. My own health is excellent. Brother Caldwell is still at Delhi. It is probable he will be able to return about the middle of next month. Our new church is going on towards a speedy termination—not speedy in the American sense of doing such things, but very much so for the workmen of India. We have no way of doing things *by steam* here. All goes on at a snail’s pace. A mason here will not do as much work in a whole day as one with you would do before breakfast time. But, then, as the best mason here, finding his own support, receives but nine cents a day, we can employ twenty-two masons for two dollars, which you are obliged to pay a single man!! Hence, after all, we build cheaply. This church, when finished, will cost about two thousand dollars; with you it would cost double that sum, or more. I am happy to say we have obtained



nearly the whole sum from friends in this country. Yesterday "The Most Noble the Marquis of Dalhousie, the Governor-General of India," sent me two hundred and fifty rupees to aid in finishing the church! He is himself a Presbyterian, and an Elder in the Church of Scotland. This was certainly a noble act, and for it I have just returned our most grateful acknowledgments and thanks. No governor-general has ever done more in the application of enlightened principles to the state of society in India than Dalhousie. An act passed in April last, securing personal property and all patrimonial inheritance to native Christians, or to Hindús becoming Christians, will have a most beneficial effect in the spread of the gospel. A most powerful barrier has been removed; and the Hindús, now alarmed for the stability of their ancient institutions, designed to prop up Hinduism, are making a great uproar. But the principles of enlightened policy must progress in India, and in all parts of the earth, and all opposition will be vain. Hinduism is breaking down gradually, but surely. It cannot long stand against the light that is spreading from a thousand points. Soon a great missionary force will be required to direct the public mind and feeling into a proper channel. We trust the churches of Christ enjoying the means of grace, and possessing the men and the means, will not hold back what the Lord requires from his own, but rejoice that such a wide field is opening before them.

We will now have a very neat church, which would not be creditable to some of your Eastern cities; and with the exception of the bell and lamps, the whole will be erected by the benevolence of friends in this country. Major Dickey, of this place, who was born and brought up at Antrim, in addition to the sum of two hundred rupees as a donation, is purchasing for us Scotch carpeting, made in this country, which will cost him two hundred rupees more. A gentlemen, Lieut. Price of the Engineers, who rendered me assistance in drawing the plan of the church, is now engaged in drawing a sketch of it. When ready I will send it to you, and I hope you will have it engraved in the best style for the pages of the Banner.—How much I should have liked to be present at Synod! It may be well enough to have a Theological Seminary at Xenia, to suit *Western* students. Indeed, I think it was called for; and Dr. McMaster and Mr. McMillan will be excellent professors.—The sudden death of President Taylor must have produced a great sensation throughout the Union. I trust the friends of liberty in the North will stand by their principles in preventing the increase of slave states. The Southerners seem to be furious, and I fear their haughty spirit may lead them on to desperation. See even in this the fruits of slavery. I trust the Lord will overrule all for good to the oppressed, and for the final good of the nation and the world. Mr. Woodside is almost well, and he will give you a proof of it by sending a number of letters to-day. Mr. Campbell, also, was quite unwell when I wrote last week; he is now better.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. S. WOODSIDE, DATED

Landour, October 18th, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. WYLIE,—Three hours after I posted my last letter\* to you I was prostrated in a raging fever, a relapse into the same from

\* This letter was received, but its publication has been delayed from want of room. It contained an account of the severe illness of Messrs. Campbell and Woodside, and others of the missionaries.

which I fancied I had then escaped. From that relapse I am not yet completely recovered, but sufficiently so to be able to pen this note. The second day after my relapse the doctor ordered an immediate change of air, as my case had assumed a dangerous aspect. I was accordingly carried out to Roorkee, a place twenty-one miles from Sâharanpûr. The change had the desired effect, and I began to get better; but the very day after my arrival, Mrs. Woodside, who had suffered much in attending upon me, was taken ill of the same fever. So soon as I heard this I returned, as Mr. Campbell and all his family were extremely ill; and though Mrs. Campbell did all in her power for Mrs. W., yet her strength must soon have given way under the tremendous pressure. We were now reduced to *extremities*; and had not an all-wise God interposed, we must, many of us, by this time, have been numbered with the dead. But, thanks to his name, just in our greatest distress a door of escape was opened. The medical officer of our station, who had been obliged to go to Missourie in charge of a young gentleman at the point of death, knowing our condition, interested himself with some *Christian* friends at Landour, and procured us a house at a mere nominal rent for the remainder of the season. He then hastened home, and ordered our whole party to the hills. We accordingly got ready, as well as sick persons could do so, and in the evening set out. This was no easy matter, as nearly all our servants were *sick*, and the burden of the work devolved on ourselves. Next day I had a slight return of fever; but the mountain air seemed to cut it short, and for a week I thought I was better. I had another relapse which lasted five days, and completely prostrated my little remaining strength. I have thus been an invalid since the 29th of August, and am reduced to a perfect shadow. Mrs. W. had a severe attack, and also a relapse, a few days ago; but she, too, I am thankful to state, is now apparently better. Mr. Campbell is also writing to-day, and I suppose he will enter into the particulars about his own case and that of his family. They have suffered exceedingly, Mrs. Campbell alone escaping, though she has endured sufficient fatigue to destroy the strength of any ordinary person. Had she been cast down they might all have perished, for no one could have attended them, and native servants always "back out" in a difficulty. Mr. Campbell has never suffered so much before in India, and I fear he is not yet over it. You may be disposed to inquire into the *cause* of all this sickness this season. Sâharanpûr has this season been visited by a *terrible scourge*, such as has never in the memory of the oldest residents been experienced. In the city, I am informed, the deaths have been forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy daily, for the last two months. It is now somewhat on the decrease. Not a single European has escaped, so far as I know, except those who at the beginning fled to the hills. Two Europeans and a child died—one the *officiating judge* of the station, who had been appointed to serve for two months in the room of our own judge, who was seized with the disease early in the season, and had fled to the hills. The medical doctor had several attacks; but he is obliged to *remain* at his *post* while a single European remains. He is a good, warm-hearted Christian, and our mission is under the deepest obligation to him for his kindness to us. Sâharanpûr is a most beautiful station; but in order to make it handsome, its sanatory condition has become vitiated. We have quite too much *vegetation*. Groves of trees, plantations, and gardens, completely shut up the

circulation. The city itself is a *den of filth* sufficient to generate sickness for a whole district. This state of things, combined with the want of the *necessary rains* at the proper time, and their coming on at an unusually late period, may be considered as the immediate causes of this calamity. Our mission premises being unusually *open*, and the circulation free, we were among the *last* to be attacked. But, still, we were not to escape. The hand of affliction has borne heavily upon us; but we have also been mercifully dealt with, as some one was uniformly sufficiently strong to attend upon the *sick*. In this I see the hand of a *kind* God. I trust this affliction will be good for us. It is the *first* sickness Mrs. W. and I have ever suffered. We had much need to be shown our own weakness. We were too much disposed to trust to ourselves, and forget the hand by which we were so kindly sustained. If finally spared, I hope we shall return to our work with renewed ardour; and we ask you to pray that it may be with more success. During the past year I have often prayed that God would show us some "token for good;" perhaps this may be such a token, though not of the character I looked for. Our School has suffered a temporary shock. Since I left I hear the number had been reduced to five. From the universality of the sickness, many large families in the city have not a single member left to give the others a drink of water. May God speedily put an end to this state of things. I may here state that the authorities have determined to make a complete revolution in the city and suburbs this cold season, so that our condition in the future may not be so ill.

The Lieut. Governor will visit our station in December, and we hope such measures will be devised as will greatly improve the entire district. Should we have sufficient strength, Mr. C. and I must leave here about Nov. 1, to attend the meeting of our mission at Amballa; but our wives and children will remain here till our return.

Mr. Caldwell and family moved to Delhi in July, and thus escaped the Saharanpur fever. Still, they have had much sickness there; they will be home in a week or two. Yours, in Christian love,

JOHN S. WOODSIDE.

P. S. We have met many good Christian friends at Landour. We had a meeting last Monday of the members of the Evangelical Alliance here. They met in this house to accommodate us. I was able to be present and take a part in the exercises; but Mr. C. was, at the time, in a raging fever. We shall have another meeting in about two weeks. We love to encourage these men, owing to the prevalence of Puseyism among the English chaplains in this country.

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### Notices of New Publications.

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES AND SOME PARTS OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE. By John Pye Smith, D. D., &c., &c. From the fourth London edition, greatly enlarged. Phila., R. E. Peterson, pp. 400, 8vo.

This is a handsome reprint of a very valuable work. The subject of which it treats is very interesting; and while we cannot concur with the learned and venerable author, in many of his views, we regard the work as an excellent discussion, which may be read with safety and advantage by any whose minds are enlarged enough to be assured that the voice of GOD in the works of nature must always be consistent with the correct interpretation of the language of inspiration.

PRIZE ESSAYS, or, The Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath: containing Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour, the Torch of Time, and The Pearl of Days. Philada. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*. Pp. 92, 66, 72. 12mo.

These very interesting essays were called forth by the offer of prizes for the best three essays on the temporal advantages of the Christian Sabbath to the labouring classes, by competitors from among the working men in Great Britain. The number of essays received in about three months, was one thousand and forty-five. The two former essays in this volume received the first and third prizes, while the third, being the production of a female, was published under another arrangement. They are all intrinsically valuable from the strength of argument which they exhibit, and are especially interesting, as showing the strong attachment of the writers to the institution of the Sabbath, and also exemplifying its happy influence on their minds and hearts. Biographical sketches by the writers themselves, are prefixed to each essay, adding much to their interest. The American public are indeed greatly indebted to the generous and benevolent individual whose liberality has led to this publication.

THE CAUSES, Uses and Remedies of Religious Depression, 18mo., pp. 46. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, Phila.

THE PARDON OF SIN: Its Nature, Necessity, Properties and Effects. 18mo., pp. 32. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, Phila., 265 Chestnut St.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PRESBYTERIAN AND A FRIEND, pp. 24, 18mo.

These tracts, issued by the Presbyterian Board, are all valuable discussions of the subjects to which they have reference.

THE SPIRITUAL GARDEN, or, Traits of Christian Character Delineated. By Hamilton, Burder, and M'Cheyne. *Presbyterian Board*, 12mo.

This work is a collection of several small tracts, all of which we have noticed and recommended, at the time of their publication. It contains the Vine, the Cedar, the Palm, the Olive, and the Church in the House, by Dr. Hamilton, the Government of the Thoughts and of the Tongue, by Dr. Burder, Remember Eli, by M'Cheyne, and a Pastor's Inquiries.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER after Salvation Directed and Encouraged. By John Angell James. 18mo., pp. 229. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, Phila.

We are glad to find this valuable work issued by the Presbyterian Board, in a large type and handsome form. We regard it as one of the best works we have ever read, and especially adapted to the class for whom it is more particularly designed.

THE REDEEMER'S LEGACY, or, Peace from the Saviour's Hands and Side, by the Rev. Wm. J. M'Cord, 16mo., pp. 84. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, Phila.

In this work we have an exposition of John xiv. 27, and John xx. 19, 20. The consolatory truths which these passages contain, are presented in an interesting manner: the whole being illustrated by very copious quotations from the Scriptures. It is a useful book.

AN AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS TO MOTHERS. By the Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D. 16mo., pp. 47. *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, Philadelphia, 265 Chesnut Street.

The sprightly, earnest, and affectionate style in which this little book is written, gives a peculiar charm to its valuable counsels. It would be profitable to every mother, and we hope it may be widely circulated and attentively read.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, Presented to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, Oct. 15th, 1850, 8vo., pp. 56.

This report presents a valuable epitome of the progress of the anti-slavery cause during the past year. Although not concurring in some of their views, we regard the efforts of this society as, generally, well worthy of the encouragement of the friends of the slave.

## Editorial.

### A NEW YEAR.

We cannot allow the commencement of another year to pass by, without some reference to the solemn lessons which it should impress upon the heart.

———“ We take no note of time  
But from its loss; to give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man.”———

The Scriptures show us how proper it is to “number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

The lapse of another year has diminished so much the period of our existence in this world, and has brought us so much nearer to the grave. If we compare our position, as we now are, with our state when the last year commenced, we may ascertain whether or not we have been *making progress* in a life of holiness, and whether we have been losing ground. One who feels desirous to know what is his state before God should at various times make such a comparison. It is thus that backsliding, of which the unhappy sinner is at the time himself insensible and unconscious, may be most easily detected, and it is thus that Christian hope and confidence toward God may be best encouraged. Taking the tests of character given in the word of God, and applying them honestly and earnestly and perseveringly, the result will be great spiritual benefit.

The experience of the past should be brought to operate upon the future. Reviewing the events which have taken place in connexion with ourselves during the past year, we may be admonished in reference to our course during the present. Wherein have we neglected golden opportunities? Wherein have mismanaged our efforts? Wherein have been violating the law of our Divine Master, either by sins of omission or commission? Such inquiries will erect beacon lights to warn us of the dangers to which we are liable: they may lead us to avoid the repetition of error, to be more watchful and more careful in all our conduct.

How many memorials of the divine goodness has the last year accumulated? These should excite our sincere and fervent gratitude, and urge us to more diligence, that our future lives may testify our love to Him who is the Giver of all good. They also may encourage us to persevere in his service. What he has done heretofore he may do hereafter. “His arm is never shortened, that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy, that he cannot hear.” The same love and power which he has displayed during the past, we may trust he will also manifest during the present year.

The events which may befall us during the year on which we have now entered are known to God alone. Perhaps in his eternal decree he has said, respecting some who read these lines, “This year thou shalt die!” Who can tell that it may not be so in respect to himself? How solemn the question, Am I ready? If my soul should now be required of me, have I any well-founded hope of heaven, or does there remain for me nothing but “a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation?” O who can continue

indifferent and careless when such a question is undetermined? Dear reader, if you are without GOD, and having no hope in the world, awake to a sense of your condition: flee from the dreadful ruin which awaits the impenitent; accept the only Saviour; come unto Him and live. "This year thou *mayest* die," and in view of the *possibility*, not to say *probability*, of such an event, rest not in a state of sin, but "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near."

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THE NEWS FROM INDIA.

The various communications from India published in the present number, show that the condition of the missionary brethren has been very critical. The LORD hath chastised them sore, but we rejoice to add, "he hath not given them over unto death." The sickness with which they have been afflicted has been severe and protracted; it has not only been the cause of much personal suffering, but, which they probably regret still more, it has greatly interfered with the prosecution of their missionary labours. But their lives have been spared, and we trust their former health may soon be restored, and all that has been lost by their present sickness completely regained.

The voice of divine Providence in this event is plain and impressive: we hope all who feel an interest in the mission will listen to it. We are too much inclined to rest on human agency, and forget our dependence upon GOD. He rebukes such improper confidence when he stretches our missionaries upon the bed of sickness, and withdraws them for a season from the scene of action: he shows us that the continuance of their usefulness, as well as of their lives, depends upon his preserving care. How grateful, also, should we be, that he has not removed any yet by the stroke of death. It might have been that the letters which brought us tidings of their illness, would have informed us of their removal for ever from the fields of labour upon earth. GOD has yet spared them: we recognise his goodness and his power, we desire to render to HIM our humble and sincere thanksgivings.

How much does all this demonstrate the need of *constant prayer* on their behalf. Removed to such a distance from us, their situation at any particular present moment, is unknown, and we are wholly unable to render them the personal counsels, or consolation, or assistance, of whatever kind, which their cases may require. But an omniscient, and all merciful, and all powerful GOD is perfectly acquainted with their condition, and can bestow all the help they need. To him we can commend them, and as we know that he heareth prayer, we may be sure that the prayer of faith will not be in vain. They ever need our prayers: oftentimes they may need them most when we may be most unmindful. GOD admonishes us not to forget them at any time: he shows that it is our duty "always, without ceasing to make mention of them in our prayers."

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Some suggestions designed to lead to measures to prevent the exposure of the Missionaries during the sickly season, will be referred to in our next No.



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